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From: "Dr. Dre - Detox"

I Need a Doctor

by

ANDRE YOUNG, MARSHALL MATHERS,
ALEXANDER GRANT and SKYLAR GREY

I NEED A DOCTOR

Words and Music by
ANDRE YOUNG, SKYLAR GREY
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$\text{♩} = 78$

Cm *F7/G* *Cm* *F sus4*

I'm a-bout to lose my _ mind _ You've been gone for so long I'm run-ning out of _ time _

mf

Cm7 *Fb*

_ I need a doc - tor Call me a doc - tor I need a doc -

N.C.

ter doc tor to bring me _ back _ to life _ Rap 1: /

(drums)

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told the world one day I would pay it back Say it on tape and lay it re-conl it so that one day I could play it back But
(Rap 2.3:) See Additional Lyrics

I don't e-ven know if I be-lieve it when I'm sav-ing that Doubt start-ing to creep in. ev-'ry day it's just so gray and black

Hope. I just need a ray of that 'Cause no one sees my vi-sion When I play it for 'em they just say it's wack But they don't know what

dope is And I don't know if I was a-wake or a-sleep when I wrote this All I

know is you came to me when I was at my low-est You picked me up, breathed new life in me I owe my life to you Be-

Fl/Gi Gm Fsus4

fore the life of me, I don't see why you don't see like I do But it just dawned on me; you lost a son See this light in you? It's

dark Let me turn on the lights and bright - en me and en - light - en you

Cm7

I don't think you re - al - ize what you mean to me, not the slight - est else 'Cause

16 Dsus4

me and you, we're like a crew I was like your side-kick You gon' with-or-wan-a fight when I get off this fuck-ing mic, Or you gon'

17 Gm

ing me But I'm out of op-tions, there's noth-ing else I can do 'cause...I'm a - bou. to lose my - mind -

1.5 Gm F#sus4

— You've been gone for so long I'm run ning out of time — I need a doc

Cm7 Eb D To Cockat

- lor Call me a doc - tor I need a doc - tor doc - tor lo

1. Gm/F Gm/D Dm 2. Gm/F Gm/D Dm

bring me back to life bring me back to life

Rap 2: It

Gm Eb Gm F#sus4

— bring me back to life —

bring me back to life

I need a doc - tor doc - tor to bring me back to life

Rap 3: It

Coda

bring me back to life

Additional Lyrics

Rap 2:

It hurts when I see you struggle.
 You come to me with ideas.
 You say they just pieces, so I'm puzzled.
 'Cause the shit I hear is crazy.
 But you're either getting lazy, or you don't believe in
 you no more.
 Seems like your own opinions, not one you can form.
 Can't make a decision, you keep questioning yourself,
 Second-guessing, and it's almost like your begging for
 my help.
 Like, I'm FOUR leader.
 You're supposed to fucking be MY mentor.
 I can endure no more!
 I demand you remember who you are!
 It was YOU! who believed in me,
 When everyone was telling you, you don't sign me.
 Everyone at the fucking label, lets tell the truth.
 You risked your career for me. I know it as well as you
 Nobody wanted to fuck with the white boy...
 Dre, I'm crying in this booth!
 You saved my life, now maybe it's my time to save yours.
 But I can never repay you, what you did for me is way more.
 But I ain't giving up faith, and you ain't giving up on me.
 Get up Dre! I'm dying, I need you, come back for fuck's
 sake cause...

Rap 2:

It literally feels like a lifetime ago
 But I still remember the shit like it was just
 yesterday though
 You walked in, yellow jump suit
 Whole room, cracked jokes
 Once you got inside the booth, told you, like smoke
 Went through friends, some of them I put on
 But they just left, they said that was riding to the death
 But where the fuck are they now
 Now that I need them, I don't see none of them
 All I see is Slim
 Fuck all you fair-weather friends
 All I need is him
 Fucking backstabbers
 When the chips were down, you just laughed at us
 Now you want to feel the fucking wrath of aftermath, faggots
 You gon' see us in our lab jackets and ask where the fuck we been?
 You can kiss my indecisive ass crack maggots and the crackers ass
 Little cracker jack beat making wack math,
 Backwards producers, I'm back bastards
 One more CD and then I'm packing up my bags and as I leave
 And I guarantee they'll scream, Dre don't leave us like
 that man cause...